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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

NINE-TENTHS OF THE LAW.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE PEACEMAKER.

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.
—*Bishop Hall.*

THE loss which Mr. Chamberlain had sustained by the destruction of his cattle was quickly made known to all the neighbours; and they came, as with one accord, to examine the spot where the catastrophe had happened and to inspect the carcasses. Scarcely

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any mark of the lightning was to be observed upon them. Two cows lay dead under the tree, and two others which had been slightly injured were to be seen lying together under a shed to which they had been removed. There was a broad white line down the tree, where the bark had been stripped off as if with a knife, from the topmost branch down to the lower part of the trunk; and the fire had, no doubt, darted thence to the animals which were standing nearest to it. The observers pointed out its course to

PRICE ONE PENNY.

one another, and poked their sticks into a hole at the foot of the tree which the lightning had pierced, expecting to find a thunderbolt at the bottom of it; and as they turned away they said it was a wonderful thing, and yet they didn't wonder at it either; no one could wonder at it; it was like a judgment; and Mr. Chamberlain might be thankful it was only his cattle that were killed and not his own flesh and blood. One of the party, dissenting from the rest, reminded them of the answer of our Lord to those who told Him of the Galileans whose blood Herod had mingled with the sacrifices; and they answered him, "Of course, of course. They had not intended to say anything against Mr. Chamberlain; it might have happened to any one to lose a beast or two by lightning, especially in such a storm as they had had last night; but it was singular, wasn't it? It was right to be charitable, of course, and they did not want to be otherwise. Mr. Brownlow himself had set an example of that, and nobody could help but notice it. Still it was remarkable that the lightning should fall just on that particular spot. They didn't know that it had ever fallen there before, never as long as Mr. Brownlow himself had been at the Goshen; and that was where he ought to have been then."

Thus, though silenced and rebuked, they broke out again and again, and though they ceased talking when Mr. Chamberlain approached, he did not fail, from their manner and the few words he had overheard, to gather a correct impression of the nature of their conversation.

In the evening Geoffrey Archer went to Windy Gorse to see his old master, and to tell him what had passed between Mr. Chamberlain and himself.

"I said it was you or Mr. Michael who had let the sluice down and stopped the flood," he said, "but he wouldn't believe it. That was what we fell out about. But I was right, sir, wasn't I?"

"It was not I, Geoffrey. Michael can speak for himself, if he likes; but I think the less said about it the better. And so you think of leaving Mr. Chamberlain?"

"He gave me notice, sir, and of course I took it. I expect you'll be able to find a place for me of some sort, master, won't you?"

Geoffrey knew his own value, and felt no doubt that his old master would be glad to have him again now that the new master had cast him off. But Mr. Brownlow's answer disappointed him.

"I don't know about that, Geoffrey," he said. "I should not like to deprive Mr. Chamberlain of a good servant."

"But he don't want me no longer; he has given me the sack. It was along of minding what you told me that it happened, too."

"How so?"

"I should not have said what I did if I could have spoke out. If I could only have told him about you and Mr. Michael coming out of your beds that there night to see Sultan and doctor him, I could have shut his mouth and knocked him over in a moment. I had given my word to you that I wouldn't; but I had hard work to keep it in, I tell you."

"I don't see that it would have helped you much. Mr. Chamberlain might not have liked to be knocked over, as you call it."

"Well, anyhow I have got to go, and I'm not sorry for it. A week to-day I shall give up, and then I shall be ready to begin work for you. I know you are short of hands."

It was true that Mr. Brownlow wanted more help on his farm, and he would have been very glad to have engaged his old servant at once; but he would not say a word on that subject until Mr. Chamberlain had had time to reconsider his hasty dismissal of Archer. He felt persuaded that the steward would be most unwilling to part with so useful and trustworthy a servant, and urged Archer, if he should be asked to stay, to show a conciliatory manner.

"Mr. Chamberlain has a great deal to try him just now," he said, "and it is no wonder that he should be irritable. This is not the time to add to his troubles, Geoffrey. 'Bear and forbear,' you know; besides, it would be very awkward for you to leave his service. You would have to give up your cottage; and I don't know where you would get another like it."

"Yes, sir," said Archer; "he would turn me out, of course, as he did you. He wouldn't have no mercy."

"He could hardly help it in your case," Mr. Brownlow said. "He must have his own man to live there to see after the horses and cattle. So if he wants you to stay, don't think any more of what he may have said when he was angry. It would hardly be kind and Christianlike to leave him now. When he gets over his present anxieties, if you still wish to leave, you can do it with a better grace."

"I'd rather leave now, Mr. Brownlow, if you please," Archer replied, "if you'll find a place for me."

"I can't promise to do that."

"It's very hard, Mr. Brownlow. You would not like to be spoke to as Mr. Chamberlain spoke to me."

"Perhaps not; and I shouldn't like to be spoken to as you spoke to Mr. Chamberlain. There's something to be said on both sides, don't you see?"

"I'm sure, master, I never gave you an uncivil word, and never should. As for Mr. Chamberlain, if he hadn't gone and provoked me I should not have forgotten myself to him."

"You forgot also what the Scripture says, I suppose: 'Be subject to your masters;—not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward'?"

"Well, Mr. Brownlow, I did; that's certain; but then you know what Mr. Chamberlain is; he ain't like some. However, he has a good deal to vex him, and a sore conscience besides, as you say; and that's worst of all."

"I did not say so," Mr. Brownlow interposed, hastily.

"No; but so it is, and everybody knows it; and he knows as everybody knows it; and that don't make no better of it for him to bear; and there's the cottage, to be sure, where all my family was born and bred. So if he makes a point of asking me to stay on, I suppose I must."

"That's right, Geoffrey."

"He don't really want for me to go, I reckon?"

"No fear of that."

"No, I don't think I need be afeard. I've done my dooty by him. I dare say we shall go on as afore. I don't want to leave the cottage, and my wife don't neither."

"No, no; of course not; you'll stay where you are, no doubt. Mr. Chamberlain will be very glad to keep you, and you will be glad to remain."

"Thank you, sir. I hope Mr. Chamberlain will be willing and there won't be no difficulty. We don't want to leave the cottage, none on us. But I must

get to know about that there job last night, who let the sluice down. Is Mr. Michael about?"

"No, Geoffrey."

"And you won't tell me yourself?"

"Yes, if I can trust you."

"You might, after last night, I should think, sir."

"That's true. It was Michael, then. The thought struck me the sluice was open as it usually is at this time of year, and that if the river were much swollen there might be a catastrophe. I got up and told Michael, and he ran off as fast as he could in the pouring rain to see to it. I am very glad he was in time to prevent worse mischief; and the more so because it seemed to give him pleasure to render this service to the Chamberlains, and to think they would never know who did it."

"It was very good of him, I'm sure; and very good of you. And I'm glad he was in time myself, for all Mr. Chamberlain was so cross-tempered over it. I only wish he could know it."

"That would spoil all, Geoffrey, and the secret is safe with you, I know."

"Yes, sir," said Geoffrey, and took his leave.

"It is curious how people change!" Mr. Brownlow said to himself, when he was alone. "That good fellow was as bitter as any one could be against Mr. Chamberlain at one time, and now he seems to rejoice that we should have done him a service. Then, again—Michael. He was always prophesying evil against him, and in a way that looked as if he wished it. I thought I should have had a difficulty in persuading him to go with me to look at that valuable horse, but he was ready to go, and pleased when he had been. And last night he got up in a moment, and ran off without a word through the storm to let the sluice down. He came back without a dry thread upon him, but as pleased at having succeeded as if he had been doing it for himself instead of for Chamberlain. He went on to the house, too, as I hear, to see how it fared with them there, and took care not to be seen. I am thankful that he did so. He is as glad to do Chamberlain a good turn as I am, and he don't wish it to be known either. I am glad he is of that mind—very. It's his mother's doing, though; his mother's doing."

CHAPTER XXXV.—A DISAPPOINTMENT.

The best-laid schemes o' mice and men

Gang aft a-gley.

—Burns.

It was not surprising that after a night of so much disturbance and alarm Eva Chamberlain was pronounced by her doctor, when he came to see her, scarcely so well as she had been on the previous day. Nor was it likely that she could improve under existing circumstances, for it was discovered after a day or two that, although the water had been prevented from pouring into the house over the threshold, it had soaked into the foundations, and had made its way into the cellars. The moisture rose in the walls, the floors were damp, and the whole atmosphere of the house was dank and unwholesome.

"Get her out of the house as soon as possible," Mr. Andrews said; "it smells like a vault; it is poison to her. You ought to have all the doors and windows open for a fortnight, and let the air blow through the rooms, and you can't do that while Miss Chamberlain is here, for she cannot bear exposure. Get her out of the house somewhere at once or I will not answer for the consequences."

"Where are we to take her to?" Mr. Chamberlain asked, in accents of despair. "She shall go tomorrow—to-day—if you will only say where to?"

But Mr. Andrews could give no advice, nor offer any suggestion, on that head. Miss Chamberlain was not able to travel, he said. To take her to the seacoast, which was a long distance, was out of the question. There was no house in the immediate neighbourhood in which accommodation could be obtained; and they must not attempt to go far until she had had time to recruit.

"The only place I can think of," he said, at length, "is the house you were lately occupying."

"Windy Gorse? That is in Mr. Brownlow's possession, as you know."

"I was thinking of the other place, Rushy Pastures; that is still vacant, I believe."

"It's a miserable place; it would never do," said Mrs. Chamberlain.

"It is at least wholesome," Mr. Chamberlain remarked. "It might be made comfortable; it would be better than staying here."

"You don't know what it is," said his wife; "you never passed a night in the house; you were living all the while at Thickthorn in clover!"

If Mr. Chamberlain had been in clover then, he was on thorns now. So great was his anxiety about Eva that he would have insisted on removing her to the house in which his wife had experienced so much discomfort, had not Mr. Andrews acknowledged that the advantage of such a change was doubtful. The situation was low, and Eva had not been very well during her stay there. He hoped that some better plan might be devised before his next visit.

After he left them he went round by Windy Gorse, and, in answer to Mrs. Brownlow's inquiries, told her what passed at his recent visit to the Grange.

"I should think they must wish themselves back here, Mrs. Brownlow," he said. "This is a fine high and dry situation, though cold. I may congratulate you on Miss Brownlow's account, I am sure. It suits her famously."

"It does," said Mrs. Brownlow.

Mrs. Brownlow had called at the Grange every day since the storm to ask after Eva, and Mrs. Chamberlain, though a little stiff with her at first, had got to like her visits, and to look forward to them. There was such genuine and unaffected sympathy in her tone and manner that the anxious mother could not help being attracted by it. Had not Mrs. Brownlow herself nursed a dear child in that house under a very similar form of sickness? Did not every symptom, as it was described to her, remind her of her own anxious watchings, fears, hopes, and prayers, which yet had not availed to save her darling from the fatal stroke? Had she not since then experienced a renewal of her anxiety in the recent illness of her daughter Lizzie, when Eva had come day after day to express her sympathy, and to cheer the sufferer with her kind and pleasant words? Lizzie was now well and strong; in better health than she had ever been before; and Mrs. Brownlow could not be thankful enough for the change, so unexpected and so contrary to her anticipations. Of her children, both sons and daughters, one had been taken and the other left, and she was able to thank God with all her heart for both. But how could she help feeling for this poor mother, who was now passing through the same ordeal, and who had but this one child,

and would, if Eva were taken from her, be left desolate?

Mrs. Brownlow, though she always inquired with much interest into the symptoms of poor Eva's illness, was careful not to allude to her own children, lest she should increase the mother's alarm; but she usually proposed some alleviations and comforts with which her own experience had made her acquainted, and prepared with her own hands cooling drinks, which proved grateful and refreshing to the sufferer.

When the question of Eva's removal was discussed, and the difficulty of deciding where she should be taken to was mentioned by Mr. Andrews, Mrs. Brownlow, after previous consultation with her husband, went again to see Mrs. Chamberlain, though she had already been at the Grange that morning.

"I have got something to propose to you," she said, when they were alone. "You know how ill my Lizzie was before we went up to Windy Gorse, and how well the place has suited her, so that we are now quite thankful that we made the change."

Mrs. Chamberlain straightened herself in her chair at this beginning. It was as if Mrs. Brownlow were about to charge her, by implication, with having brought this illness upon Eva as a consequence of her removal to the Goshen. The idea was all the more galling because there was, as Mrs. Chamberlain already felt, a real foundation for it; but Mrs. Brownlow need not have raked it up, she thought.

"Well," Mrs. Brownlow went on, "what I have to say is this—Windy Gorse is not like your own house, of course; but if you will make use of it until you can find something to suit you better, we shall be very glad. Bring Eva to us; we can make her comfortable, and will take every care of her. You, of course, would come with her, and Mr. Chamberlain would come in and out as he likes, to see her."

"Oh, Mrs. Brownlow!" Mrs. Chamberlain exclaimed; and said no more for the moment.

"Do come—do bring her. I am sure it would do her good. My husband and I have talked it over; and from what I have heard Mr. Andrews say, I am convinced it would be just the thing for her; and Lizzie would be so glad to wait upon her and amuse her."

For a moment the thought prevailed with Mrs. Chamberlain that nothing could be more promising, nothing more likely to be of service to her daughter than such a change. But the next her pride revolted. What! Place herself under an obligation to the Brownlows! Accept their hospitality!—return as suppliants to the house which they had discarded!—acknowledge that she had done wrong in leaving it! Impossible! If she could have overcome the reluctance she felt thus to humiliate herself, there was another even greater objection. How could she suffer her daughter Eva to dwell even for a few days under the same roof with Michael Brownlow? Mrs. Chamberlain was persuaded that Michael had designs upon her daughter. He had looked at her in church; he had followed her, as she imagined, from one church to another; he had been seen at break of day looking up at her window, and had been making inquiries about her, as she learnt from the servants, on the night of the thunderstorm and flood. Could she now take Eva as a guest to his home, and expose her to his attentions, or, as she chose to call it, his persecutions? No, indeed. She would rather take

a lodging for her at the Coach and Horses. She would rather, even, keep her where she was.

"Thank you, Mrs. Brownlow," she said, in a lofty manner. "You mean it kindly, and it is kind; but I couldn't think of it."

"Why not?" Mrs. Brownlow asked, innocently.

"Oh, for many reasons. We should be such a trouble to you."

"Trouble! Don't think of that. If we could see your Eva getting strong and well like our own dear Lizzie, it would be such a pleasure to us all; we shouldn't think of trouble."

Mrs. Chamberlain was not particularly anxious that Eva should be "like our Lizzie." Lizzie was all very well; but there were distinctions, in her opinion.

"And we have plenty of room; Michael would give up his bedroom, and be delighted; he would be quite pleased to do it."

"No doubt!" Mrs. Chamberlain thought to herself.

"No, Mrs. Brownlow," she said, aloud—"no, thank you. Don't say any more about it, please. We shall do very well. You'll excuse me, but I am very much engaged this morning."

Mrs. Brownlow took the hint, and withdrew.

Mr. Chamberlain, coming to the house by-and-by, was informed of the proposal, and the answer which had been returned.

"It was very kind of Mrs. Brownlow," he said. "I wish we could have accepted it. It's almost a pity we could not. It's quite true that Lizzie Brownlow has been so much better in health since she went there; and Eva—poor Eva!—is so ill since she came here."

"It does not follow that coming here has had anything to do with it," said his wife.

"We must move her away at all events; and every day, every hour almost, is of consequence. This house is not fit for her now, since the storm, whatever it may have been before. And where are we to take her to? That's the puzzle."

"I have been thinking," said Mrs. Chamberlain, "that she might go to Thirkthorn. There's nobody there except the housekeeper. She would take her in if you asked her. You have influence enough for that I should hope. Of course, I should go with her."

"I don't know," said Chamberlain, doubtfully; "it would be taking a great liberty. The squire would be sure to hear of it."

"The squire would not object, I'm certain; the squire would wish it. The squire was very polite to Eva; he would be very sorry indeed if he knew that she was ill. He would do anything he could for her, I am sure. The only question is, whether it would be quite the thing under the circumstances. But as he is not at home, there could be no impropriety, especially as her mamma would be there with her."

Mr. Chamberlain shook himself impatiently.

"Well, if you think it would be improper," she said, "on account of Mr. Neville-Thornton being a young man and unmarried, of course Eva must stay where she is; and I don't know what will be the end of it then. I am afraid to think."

"I don't think anything so foolish," he said; "it would be taking a great liberty for two or three people to go and live in another man's house without asking him, and one of them an invalid: that's my view of it."

"You did not mind going there yourself," she

said; "all the while we were at that wretched place in the Pastures you were living at Thickthorn in clover. There was no harm in that it seems."

"I had my office there," he said; "it was a different thing."

"I am sure it might be done," she persisted. "I would undertake, myself, to make it all right with the squire. I am sure he would be pleased instead of angry; and there really is no other place for Eva to go to. If you don't like to speak to the housekeeper about it I will."

"I wish you had not refused Mrs. Brownlow's offer," said the steward. But he felt that it would have been a hard thing to bring himself to accept the hospitality proposed at Windy Gorse. He had had enough of Mr. Brownlow's forgiveness. He did not want any more "good for evil." He was heartily sick of that already. After all, why should not Thickthorn be utilised? They could occupy the

housekeeper's apartments, and take Spilby, or one of their own servants, and keep out of sight. Finally, he consented that Mrs. Chamberlain should go to Thickthorn and talk to the housekeeper about it, and when he heard, on her return, that everything was arranged, and that Eva was to be removed the very next day, weather permitting, it was a great relief to his mind; and he confessed that Mrs. Chamberlain's idea was a good one, and that she had managed well.

Alas! for the vanity of human plans and wishes. The very next morning, while preparations were being actively made at Thickthorn for the reception of Mrs. Chamberlain and her daughter, and at the Grange for their removal, a letter arrived by post from Squire Neville-Thornton, stating that he had just returned from the Continent, and after a short stay in London intended coming down to Thickthorn.

ANTS.

"A LITTLE PEOPLE," BUT "EXCEEDING WISE."

BY THE REV. W. FARREN WHITE, M.A., VICAR OF STONEHOUSE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

VI.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE AT THEIR TOILET.

THE little people are most cleanly in their habits. They not only are indefatigable in their efforts to free the younger members of their community from all impurities, but are most careful as to their own personal toilet, and may be frequently observed cleaning themselves most assiduously with leg, tongue, and mandible. The workers of the *M. unifasciata* I have had a good opportunity of watching. I have seen them leaning on one side while resting on two legs and rubbing the other four together, and again passing the right fore-leg over the left antenna after drawing it through its mouth, like a cat in the act of cleaning itself with its paw. These quaint little beings I have often seen amusing themselves by sitting upright, their two hind-legs resting on the ground, and their abdomen between them and at right-angles with the erect thorax and head, their fore-leg in the air, and their antennæ waving to and fro. Another I have seen standing on the tip of the abdomen, being supported by the toe-claws of the hind legs.

THEIR FUNERAL RITES.

They are very particular also about their houses, and keep their many apartments, halls, and corridors neat and tidy. When any of their companions die they immediately remove the dead bodies with their mandibles and carry them into the open air. How they dispose of them I will proceed presently to tell you. Gould mentions that as soon as a member of the fraternity dies, "it is carried out of the settlement and thrown upon the ground without ceremony or rites of a funeral," but he adds, "Pliny informs us that the ants of his country are wont to bury their dead, which is a curiosity not imitated by ours in England." The observant Roman naturalist, who lived in the first century and completed his great Work on Natural History the year before he perished in the eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii, was not

far wrong, as may be fairly judged from what I am able to narrate about the marvellous habits of the closely allied species, *F. flava* and *F. umbrata*, and I will be the more explicit since they have not, as far as I can learn, been before noticed by any other observer. Before, however, I give the result of my own observation I will mention an astonishing account of the intelligence of an Australian ant, without which our chronicle of the funeral rites of the little people would not be complete.

In the Proceedings of the Linnean Society for 1861 is a communication from a Mrs. Hutton, of Sydney (I quote now from a manuscript of the late Mr. F. Smith, which he most generously placed at my disposal), in which are details of a most remarkable character attributed to an ant, there called the Soldier Ant. The communication is in substance as follows.

"One day a little boy of mine, about four years old, being tired of play, threw himself down on a grassy mound to rest. Shortly after I was startled by a sudden scream. My instant thought was that some serpent had stung him. I flew in horror to the child, but was at once reassured on seeing him covered with Soldier Ants, on whose nest he had laid himself down. Numbers of the ants were still clinging to him with their forceps, and continued to sting the boy. My maid at once assisted me in killing them. At length, about twenty were thrown dead on the ground. We then carried the boy indoors. In about half-an-hour afterwards I returned to the same spot, when I saw a large number of ants surrounding the dead ones. I determined to watch their proceedings closely. I followed four or five that started off from the rest towards a hillock a short distance off, in which was an ants' nest. This they entered, and in about five minutes they reappeared, followed by others. All fell into rank, walking regularly and slowly two by two, until they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the Soldier Ants. In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the dead body of one of their comrades; then two others, and so on, until all were ready to march. First walked two ants

bearing a body, then two without a burden; then two others with another dead ant, and so on, until the line was extended to about forty pairs, and the procession now moved slowly onwards, followed by an irregular body of about 200 ants. Occasionally the two laden ants stopped, and laying down the dead ant, it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them, and thus, by occasionally relieving each other, they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea. The body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws a number of holes in the ground, into each of which a dead ant was laid, where they now laboured on until they had filled up the ants' graves. This did not quite finish the remarkable circumstances attending this funeral of the ants. Some six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the task of digging; these were caught and brought back, when they were at once attacked by the body of ants and killed upon the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it." Now, says Mr. Smith, allowing something for the lady's imagination, there can be no doubt of the fact of ants having buried ants. The lady is well known to connections of the members of the Linnean Society, and we may feel assured that unless perfect confidence was felt in the party communicating this wonderful account, the paper would not have been read before the Linnean Society. I do not find it difficult to credit this extraordinary narrative after what I myself have witnessed.

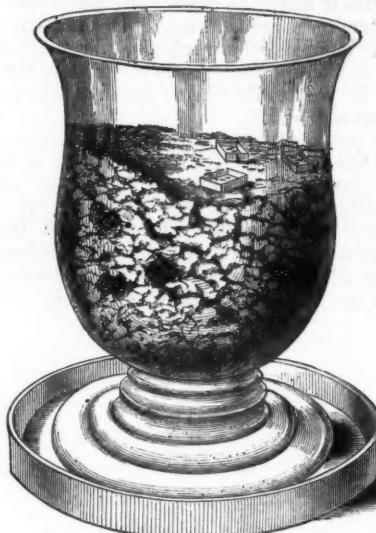
STARTLING PHENOMENA IN FORMICARIUM OF *F. FLAVA*.

On the 1st of March, 1866, I established a formicarium by transferring a portion of a nest of *F. flava* to a glass receptacle. On the 2nd the little people had thrown up masonry work and constructed chambers and passages, varying from one inch to two inches between the turf and the glass. Several dead ants, I noticed, had been brought up from the interior of the nest and placed on the surface. One ant I observed walking with only half its body. What an instance have we here of the continuance of vitality after serious mutilation! On March 3rd two ants were moving without their abdomen, one bearing a larva in its mandibles. What an evidence of the power as well as the vitality, the strong affection for their infant charge, and also the immunity from acute sensations enjoyed by these little creatures. I should mention, however, that the possibility of the phenomenon arises from the arrangement of the nervous system, which, instead of being concentrated, as in the higher order of animals, in the brain and spinal cord, is distributed with ants and other insects in the form of ganglia, or nervous knots, with connecting nervous filaments. Each ganglion forms a centre of life and motion, so that if the body of an insect is severed between the ganglia the separate portions have for a season power to move and act as if possessed of independent life. I have watched for many hours a fly without a head cleaning its wings as if perfectly unconcerned at its abnormal condition.

FORMIC CEMETERIES.

To return. I noticed that the number of the dead upon the surface of the nest on March 3rd had increased. On March 4th I found more than 200 dead bodies lying against the glass, and ants here and there were carrying the corpses of their companions

as well as the bodies of their living charges, the masonry now reaching from the turf to the glass from one inch to two and a half inches in breadth, and against the glass from one and a half to two and a half inches in height.



ANTS' CEMETERIES.

On March 6th the number of dead further increased, and the ants were more active in carrying them. I now placed three card-trays with honey for food. Instead of using them as hospitable and festive boards from whence they might satisfy their hunger, they converted them into cemeteries. About a quarter of an hour afterwards in each of two of the trays there was one dead ant. About one hour after this in one tray there was one dead; in the second, three dead; and in the third six. While I was watching, an ant brought a corpse and placed it tenderly in the third tray, and so increased the number there to seven. It was 2 p.m. when I first placed the trays, and at

4 p.m. in I. there were 2 dead.

" " II. " " 4 "

" " III. " " 9 " between 40 and 50.

At 10.30 in I. " " " 50 " 60.

" " III. " " " 60 " 70.

Several of the little sextons I observed with dead in their mandibles, and one in the act of burying a corpse.

March 7.—In each tray I noticed between seventy and eighty.

March 8.—At 1.45 in I. there were about 140.

" " II. " " " 180.

" " III. " " " 180.

At 2.30 I placed two more trays on the surface of the nest, and without honey, on opposite sides of the formicarium.

At 8.15 in one of these previously empty trays I found nine dead bodies. Two were deposited while I was watching, and so the number was increased to eleven. In the other tray there were ten, two being deposited while I was observing, and thus the number in the second tray reached twelve. I should mention that the dead were not interred without

considerable difficulty, in consequence of the sides of the trays being almost perpendicular. The work of the sextons continued until no dead bodies remained upon the surface of the nest, but all were interred in the extramural cemeteries. Afterwards I removed the trays, and turned the contents of the formicarium upside down, and then I placed six trays on the surface of the earth, two of which I filled with sugar for food. All six were used freely as cemeteries, being crowded with the corpses of the little people and their young, the larvae which had perished in the disruption of their home.

I have noticed in one of my formicaria a subterranean cemetery, where I have seen some ants burying their dead by placing earth above them. One ant was evidently much affected, and tried to exhume the bodies, but the united exertions of the yellow sextons were more than sufficient to neutralise the effort of the disconsolate mourner. The cemetery was now converted into a large vault, the chamber where the dead were placed, together with the passage which led to it, being completely covered in.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS IN FORMICARIUM OF
F. UMBRATA.

The allied species, *F. umbrata*, does not, as a rule, use the trays as cemeteries; only one or two dead, and the wings of the males in the swarming season, every now and then I found therein; but the workers utilised them to stow away their waste building material, and I have seen them completely filled with earth. A partial exception I have noticed to this rule. On August 30th of last year I established a formicarium by filling a glass vessel more than half full of a portion of the marvellous nest of the *umbrata* I discovered in the centre of the old willow-tree in the Vicarage paddock, instead of earth, the ant had used comminuted wood like sawdust, of a rich brown colour, to fashion its innumerable apartments and their intricate communications. I soon observed the desolated and disarranged portion of the nest reconstructed through the crystal wall of their new domicile, the brown dust being before long consolidated and modelled into well-formed nurseries and withdrawing-rooms. The nurseries were at the bottom of the nest, which, by September 5th, could be seen, by raising aloft the glass vessel, to be about twelve in number, and occupying about one-sixth of the entire ground-floor, and crowded with thousands of larvae. Masonry work was being rapidly raised on the surface more than an inch in height, which, on September 6th, touched the muslin with which the glass was covered: but the little builders, nothing daunted, cut the threads of the muslin with their mandibles, and made holes in several places, which gave them power of egress and ingress, of which they availed themselves, using the string which bound the muslin as a ladder, and reaching thus the stand which formed the base of their palace. At 8.50 there were as many as 200 or more on the stand, about 20 on the muslin, through a hole in which one went in and another came out. At 11.30 p.m. there were nearly 100 on the muslin, several hundred on the stand, and the strings were covered with them. When I lifted up the muslin on September 7th, I found the surface of the nest covered with hillocks, or turrets, three inches or more in height.

THE VARIED CHARACTER OF THEIR BURIAL CUSTOMS.

The sugar placed on surface for the sustenance of the little people was hidden from view. Numbers of ants were in the encircling trench, which I had arranged to keep the little people from roaming, evidently cast there by active members of the community, for they were all dead; and several parts of ants and two larvae I noticed also in the water. One ant I watched on the stand with a corpse in its mandibles go to the edge of the trench and return without its burden. I placed sugar on the surface near glass at 10.45; cleared the trench of floating ants, of which there were immense numbers, at 12.15. There were about thirty dead bodies on the sugar, and other dead were sparsely scattered over the surface. In one spot there were about sixty or more deposited by the unwearied sextons, one of whom I noticed with a corpse in its mandibles. At 1.35 I observed two ants with dead, and I now placed a paper tray between two turrets, nearly in the centre of the surface. At 2.25 there were three dead in the tray, and one or two grains of comminuted wood. At 4.10 there were four dead in the tray, and several grains of wood and one larva. At 10.45 p.m. there was one moving mass of ants upon the surface, about half of the bottom of the tray was covered with pieces of wood, and in the tray only one or two were dead. I noticed a sexton take a dead ant out of the tray, and place it in a cavity by the tray, and disappear under the tray. Then came a second sexton with a dead body in its mandibles, and moved into the tray and then out of the tray with its burden, which it also carried into the cavity. A third I noticed remove a dead body out of the tray, and a fourth carried a corpse down the cavity. A few dead were lying on the surface of the nest where numbers were seen earlier in the day. Over the sugar by the glass there were numbers of dead. This seemed to be now recognised as the cemetery. Very little sugar was seen, comminuted wood and dead covered it. No dead were now scattered over the surface; several ants were seen carrying dead. There were very few floating in the trench. There was a difficulty now in reaching it, since the muslin with its strings, and the scaling-ladders of the little people, had been removed.

September 8.—2.53. I noticed between forty and fifty dead in the middle of the tray, a thin layer of wood covering the tray. In the cemetery near glass about same number of dead. One ant placed a dead body within its precinct.

September 10.—10.15. The tray was nearly covered with wood. Seventy or eighty dead were in the tray on wood. In the tray, about as many on the shady slope of neighbouring hillock, and about a dozen in depression near glass.

I should mention that I kept another formicarium of *umbrata*, having taken a portion of the nest in my front border. When the males were in strong force I placed them in a confectioner's glass vase, with a screen of brown paper, to shade them from the light and induce them to work against the glass. A card tray they soon filled with earth; and as the males died they were buried in depressions in the soil, in the upper chambers against the glass, on the shady side of the formicarium.

A most interesting incident I should record. The little sextons utilised the earth-laden card tray for the burial of some of their dead by carrying the

corpses into the cavity formed beneath the tray, the tray forming the slab of, to them, an extensive vault.

From all that I have witnessed and now narrated, surely we may safely affirm that, in their due regard for health and cleanliness, and especially in the disposal of their dead, and in their varied funeral rites, the little people show their wisdom. However, their affection for the living is greater than their respect for the dead. One mourner I observed some time

back in another formicarium bearing off a corpse to burial; it let down its burden that it might rest awhile, when, looking round, it espied a larva lying helplessly upon the ground. It immediately forsook the dead body of its comrade, to be interred later by itself or another worker, and clasped fondly the tender youngster in its mandibles, and carried it doubtless to the nursery; but I had not time to note the track the foster-mother took.

BEEHIVE HOUSES.



FIDIGIDH TOCHDRACH.

Uig, Lewis, inhabited 1859.

THOSE of our readers who are learned in the subject of Irish antiquities are aware that under the names of beehive houses, cloghans, and oratories, the ancient habitations of the Irish people exist in considerable numbers and in tolerable preservation. These curious structures are not supposed to be now used for dwelling purposes in any part of the sister island; but in the parish of Uig, in the island of Lewis, they are still inhabited during the summer months, "so that one may witness," says a recent visitor to these distant shores, "the expiring modes and habits of the Celtic race, as they have been practised for two thousand years."

According to Commander Thomas, who visited these rude remains in 1860. "In summer these people, generally women, leave their permanent cottages by the shore and come with the cattle to grassy spots, called in Gaelic 'gearraidean' (pronounced 'garry'), in Norse 'selters.' These are usually beside a burn at the bottom of some glen or valley, and here they remain making butter and cheese from July to August, during which time they dwell in the circular stone-roofed houses called boths, bothans

(expressed in English by the word bothy—i.e., temporary dwelling), or in timber-roofed ones called 'airidh,' 'aridhean.'

"The boths are considered so much superior to the airidhs that to this day the tenants (in Bernara) cast lots for them. The boths are seldom larger than ten feet in diameter, and are covered entirely on the outside with green turf, except at the top, where a stone is placed and removed at pleasure. A row of stones covered with turf is placed across the middle of the both for a bench or seat, and on one side is the fire, on the other the sleeping-place. There are commonly two doors at opposite sides, by which a better draught is caused for the smoke, for when the door on the windward side is closed, the draught enters from the leeward one, and passes up through the hole in the roof.

"Two women usually occupy one of these boths, and their time is employed in looking after the cattle and in making butter and cheese, for which purpose, besides the hut that serves for a dwelling, there is most generally another, in which the milk utensils, milk, butter, etc., are kept. There is also some small

place for sheltering the calves and lambs. By removing the cattle to the hills in summer, the grass around the farm is saved for winter use."

Of these bothan deemed suitable for habitations, probably not more than twenty remain; the ruins, however, exist in great numbers, and are generally romantically situated, commonly by the side of some stream where there is good pasture—often at the foot of a land cliff where the huge fallen boulders have been adopted to form one side of the house, and not unfrequently at the entrance of a glen near to the

No. 2 is about four yards from No. 1, and the roof has fallen in, but the walls are still 5ft. in height. It differs from No. 1, first in that the walls of the chamber begin to close in from the base line; and, secondly, in having a prolongation, probably a sleeping-place, on one side. The chamber of No. 2 is circular in plan and 6ft. in diameter. On the west side is a cell 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. long, from 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. to 2ft. broad, and 2ft. 4in. in height. The sides of the cell are formed by placed stones, and the roof by single stones laid across. The end or head of the cell is the rough face of a large



HOUSES AT NESS, IN THE BUTT OF LEWIS.

(By permission, from a Sketch photographed by E. Johnson, Wisbech.)

seashore. But wherever placed, the natives agree in saying that no one knows who built them, and that they were not made by the fathers nor grandfathers of any person now living.

In some instances they are so small as hardly to be distinguished from the granite blocks in their vicinity, and are not unfrequently overlooked on a first visit by the curious antiquary.

The following is a description of two ruinous bothan situated on a moor about half a mile from the head of Loch Mealhag in Harris:—

No. 1 is entire. It is 8ft. in diameter on the outside, and 9ft. in height. The ground-plan is an irregular circle; the walls of the base are 5ft. or 6ft. thick, the thickness being filled in with a mixture of stones and turf. Above the height of 3ft. the stones are in a single course, and approximate in a conical, or beehive, form to the apex, where the top is formed by a single stone. The doorway is rudely square, 3ft. high and 2ft. broad. An amorphous block of gneiss, such as a man could easily lift, served for a door. The interior chamber is sub-circular in plan, 8ft. in the longest, and 7ft. in the shortest diameters. In section the chamber is sub-conical, rising almost perpendicularly for 3ft., then quickly closing into the centre, where it is 6ft. in height. The whole is built of rough, untrimmed blocks of gneiss, the *débris* of the glacial period. A very little above the floor are four recesses, or rude cupboards, from a foot to a foot and a half square.

(naturally placed) transported block of gneiss. It might be doubted whether anything so rude could be a bed-place, but not many years ago a man was alive who first saw the light in one or other of these bothan.

In the district of Barvas, in Lewis, which is considered by the Lewis people themselves to be inhabited by a race distinct from those in the rest of the island, there remains the custom of leaving a hole in the thickness of the wall for a dormitory. It is flagged, about 3ft. broad, and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high, and long and deep enough for a man to lie in. Into this strange hole the person who would sleep gets in feet foremost, sometimes by the help of a rope from above, his head lying at the mouth of the hole; the hole, or dormitory, may be 4ft. or 5ft. from the floor. This custom is supposed to have a very remote origin, and enables us to form an idea of one of the domestic arrangements common in the most ancient stone buildings in our island.

Numerous inquiries go to prove that these bothan only now exist in St. Kilda, Barrera, the Flannen Isles, the parish of Uig in Lewis, and a few in Harris. It is believed that some perfect specimens existed in Skye a century and a half ago, but they had already become archaic, and a love of the marvellous had converted them into the abodes of Druids. They also existed in South Uist.

Martin, in his "Western Islands," thus writes of these singular buildings: "There are several little stone houses built above ground, capable of holding

only one person, and round in form. They are called *Tey-nir-druinich*—i.e., Druids' houses; *druinich* signifying a retired person much devoted to contemplation."

The modern form of a beehive house is an irregular circle, 6ft. or 7ft. in diameter, the walls rising perpendicularly for 3ft.; each successive course of stone then overlaps or projects beyond the one below it, and thus the roof gradually closes in and takes a beehive form. A hole, called the farlos (a man standing upright can often put his head out of this hole and look around), is left in the apex of the roof for the escape of the smoke, and is closed with a turf, or flat stone, as requisite. There are two doors 2½ft. high, and 2ft. broad, and they are placed so that a line joining them cuts off on one side about two-thirds of the enclosed area. The two doors are a decided improvement, for that one upon the side on which the wind blows—that is, the weather door—is closed with a stone or turf, while the lee one is left open, and a gentle draught carries the smoke serenely above the head of the inhabitant and through the farlos. From door to door a row of flat stones, a few inches in height, forms the "being"-bench, or seat, and behind this the area is filled up with hay or rushes, for a bed. In front of the bench, and midway between the two doors, is the fire—of peat, of course, and not much needed except for cookery. Above the fire a longish stone draws in and out of the wall, for the purpose of hanging a pot on, and in nearly every ruin was this primitive instrument found in its place shoved back into the wall. There are usually two or four square holes in the wall, to serve for cupboards or presses.

The furniture varies with the wealth of the occupant—a blanket, an iron pot, a basin, a spoon, and a bag of meal would imply a well-to-do establishment, with one or two jars, tins, or kegs to hold milk and carry it to the farm. In former times no other articles of furniture or domestic economy have been found than some pans and jars made from the native clay.

On the outside of these houses, the chinks of the stones are stuffed with grass and moss, and over all

is a thick layer of turf, which grows into one mass, and, besides being perfectly wind and water tight, gives great stability to the roof.

The most singular of these structures is at Gear-raidh-nah-Airde Moire, on the shore of Loch Mesart. It consists of twelve individual beehive huts, all built touching each other, with doors and passages from one to the other. The diameter of this gigantic both is 46ft., and is nearly circular in plan. The height of the doors and passages is about 2½ft., and under the smokehole in two of the chambers the height was 6½ft. There are three distinct suites of rooms, perhaps the dwellings originally of three separate families. So late as 1823 this both was inhabited by four families.

In 1855 an interesting discovery of a beehive house was made by the late Mr. C. Gordon, son of Colonel Gordon of Cluny, in the island of South Uist. "Near the west shore, and nearly level with the sea, was a mound of sand. Mr. Gordon opened it, and found the remains of a circular building, about 12ft. in diameter in the interior, composed of rough walls about 5ft. thick. There were two entrances, one about 4ft. square, and the other about 2ft. 6in. square, to one of which was a paved path. In the thickness of the walls were recesses, each about 4ft. square, all covered in with roofs formed of stones laid horizontally. On the floor of the main chamber was found a copper needle (formed of wire with an eye or opening through it near one extremity); a quantity of deer's horns; a human thigh-bone; thirty or forty vertebrae of whales flattened and marked with cuts; a bone article, flat at each end and round in the middle; a sort of knife or lancet made of thin bone; a comb; six black stone dishes, all about 2½in. thick, and varying from 1ft. 8in. to 10in. long."

Martin, writing of similar erections, styles them "earth houses, which were built to hide people and their goods in time of war."

These beehive houses are believed to be the Scottish or Irish type of the earliest domestic artificial dwelling, and to have been introduced into the Outer Hebrides after the conquest of these islands by the Northmen at the end of the eighth century.

THE TROUBLES OF A CHINAMAN.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE CARGO.

"WHERE are we, Captain Yin?" Kin-Fo asked, after the danger was all over.

"I hardly know," replied the captain, who had quite recovered his jovial looks.

"Are we in the Gulf of Pe-Chi-Li?"

"Not unlikely."

"Or do you think we have been driven into the Gulf of Leao-Tong?"

"Very probably."

"Where, then, are we going to land?"

"Just where the wind takes us."

"When?"

"That's more than I can tell you."

Kin-Fo was beginning to lose his temper.

"A true Chinaman always knows his whereabouts," he said, quoting a Chinese proverb.

"Ah! that means on land, not at sea!" answered the captain, grinning from ear to ear.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said Kin-Fo, impatiently.

"Nor do I see anything to cry at," retorted Yin.

It might be true that there was nothing really alarming in the situation, but it was quite obvious that the captain did not know where he was; with-

out a compass he had no means of judging in what direction his ship had been driven by the tempest, during which the wind had been blowing from such different quarters, and while, with her sails furled and her helm useless, she had been the mere plaything of the hurricane.

But whether the junk had been carried into one gulf or the other, there could be no hesitation now about the necessity of putting her head to the west; ultimately, land must be sighted in that direction. Had it been in his power, the captain would forthwith have hoisted sail and followed the sun, which was once more shining, though only faintly; but there was not a breath of wind; the typhoon had been succeeded by a dead calm; not a ripple played upon the smooth undulations that just lifted up the vessel and allowed her to sink again without moving her a foot forward. A heavy vapour hung over the sea, and the general aspect was in striking contrast to the commotion of the previous night. It was one of those calms locally known as "white calms."

"And how long is this going to last?" said Kin-Fo.

"No telling," replied the captain, with perfect composure; "at this season of the year calms sometimes continue for weeks."

"Weeks!" repeated Kin-Fo; "do you suppose I am to stay here for weeks?"

"No help for it, my dear sir, unless by good luck we can manage to get taken in tow."

"Confound the junk! what a fool I was to be caught coming on board!"

"Will you allow me to offer you two little bits of advice? Be like other folks, and don't grumble at the weather which you can't alter; and, secondly, do as I am going to do—go to bed and get some comfortable sleep."

And with a philosophy that was worthy of Wang himself, the captain retired to his cabin, leaving only a few men on deck.

For the next quarter of an hour Kin-Fo paced backwards and forwards, drumming his fingers upon his folded arms; then, casting a glance at the desolate scene around, he made up his mind to go to his cabin, and left the deck without saying a word to Craig and Fry, who had been lounging meanwhile against the taffrail, not speaking a word to each other, but no doubt holding mutual intercourse by silent sympathy. They had heard all that passed between Kin-Fo and the captain, but, to say the truth, they really were not concerned at the delay which was giving so much annoyance to the young man; if they were losing anything in time, they were gaining in security, for as long as Kin-Fo was on board the Sam-Yep, was he not free from any chance of being attacked by Lao-Shen? moreover, the period of their engagement, and consequently of their responsibility, was close at hand; two days more and a whole band of Tai-pings might assail him, and it would not be their duty to risk a hair of their heads to protect him. Practical Yankees as they were, they were devoted to the client of the Centenarian so long as he represented the sum of 200,000 dollars; they would be utterly indifferent when that interest lapsed.

Under these circumstances there was nothing to prevent them from sitting down to their luncheon with a capital appetite. The food was excellent; they partook of the same dishes, consumed the same quantities of bread and the same number of slices of meat; they drank Biddulph's health in the same

number of glasses of wine, and afterwards smoked precisely the same number of cigarettes. If not by birth, they were Siamese twins in taste and habit.

The day passed on without incident or accident; there was still the "woolly" sky; still the smooth sea; and nothing to disturb the general monotony.

Towards four o'clock in the afternoon, poor Soon made his appearance on deck. He reeled, he staggered as if he were drunk, though probably he had never in all his life been so abstemious before.

His complexion was blue and green, verging to yellow; probably when he got on shore again it would be as usual, orange; when he was angry he would flush into crimson, and thus in a very short period his countenance would have exhibited all the colours of the rainbow.

Keeping his eyes half-closed, and not daring to look beyond the bulwarks, he stumbled up to Craig and Fry, and said,

"Are we nearly there?"

"No," they answered.

"Not nearly?"

"No."

"Ai ai ya!" he moaned, and flung himself down at the foot of the mast, wriggling as if in convulsions, which made his miserable little *queue* shake like a puppy's tail.

Earlier in the day Captain Yin had given orders, very prudently, for the hatchways to be opened that the sun might dry up the water that during the typhoon had been shipped into the hold. Craig and Fry had been promenading the deck, repeatedly pausing and looking down through the middle hatchway, until at last, prompted by curiosity, they agreed to go below.

Except just where the light was admitted from above, the hold was very dark; but after a short time the eye grew accustomed to the obscurity, and it was quite possible to distinguish the way in which the singular cargo had been stowed.

The hold was not divided, as in most junks, into partitions, but was open from end to end, and the whole of it appropriated to this strange consignment, the crew having to find their berths forward. Piled up one upon another, and arrayed on both sides, were the seventy-five coffins bound for Foo-Ning, all fastened quite securely so as to prevent any oscillation that might imperil the ship, a passage being left along the middle, the end of which, remote from the hatchway, was sunk in gloom.

Craig and Fry walked silently and softly, as though they were treading the floor of a mausoleum. There was something of awe mingling with their curiosity. The coffins were of all sizes, a small proportion of them being costly and elaborate, the generality perfectly plain. Of the emigrants whom necessity drives across the Pacific, it is very few that make a fortune or realise a competency in the diggings of California, or in the mines of Nevada and Colorado; nearly all die as impoverished as they went out; but all, whatever their wealth or poverty, are without exception and with equal care brought back to their native land.

About ten of the coffins were made of valuable wood adorned with all the richness that Chinese fancy could devise; but the rest were merely four planks with ends, put together in the roughest manner and painted yellow; every one of them bore the name and address of its tenant, and as Craig and Fry passed along they kept on reading such names as

Lien-Foo of Yun-Ping-Fu, Nan-Loon of Foo-Ning, Shen-Kin of Kin-Kia, Loo-ang of Ku-Li-Koa, and remarked that there seemed no confusion; every corpse could be conveyed to its destination to await, in field, in orchard, or in plain, its ultimate interment in Chinese soil.

"Well packed," whispered Craig.



A MOVEMENT AMONGST THE DEAD.

"Well packed," whispered Fry.

They spoke calmly as they would about a consignment of ordinary goods from San Francisco or New York.

Having proceeded to the farther end of the passage where it was most gloomy, they turned and looked along the avenue of that temporary cemetery towards the light; they were on the point of returning, when a slight sound attracted their attention.

"A rat!" they said.

"I should think a rat would prefer a cargo of rice," said Craig.

"Or of maize," added Fry.

The noise continued. It was like a scratching with nails or claws. It was on the starboard side, and came from about the level of their heads; consequently from the upper tier of coffins.

The men hissed as they would to scare away a rat.

Still the scratching went on. They listened with bated breath. Evidently the sound came from inside one of the coffins.

"Some Chinaman buried before he was dead," said Craig.

"And just come to life again," continued Fry.

They went close up to the coffin, and laid their hands upon it; it did not admit of doubt that there was movement within.

"This means mischief!" they muttered.

The same idea had simultaneously occurred to them both, that a new danger was threatening the client in their charge.

Raising their hands, they could feel that the lid of the coffin was being gently lifted up. With the most perfect composure they waited to see what would follow next. They did not make a movement. It was too dark for them to distinguish anything plainly, but they were not mistaken in thinking they saw a coffin lid very slowly opening on the larboard side.

A whisper was next heard.

"Is that you, Cono?"

A whisper followed in reply.

"Is that you, Fa-Kien?"

"Is it to be to-night?"

"Yes, to-night."

"Before the moon rises?"

"Yes, in the second watch."

"Do the others know?"

"They have all been told."

"I shall be glad to get out of this."

"Ay, so shall we all."

"Thirty-six hours in a coffin is no joke!"

"You are right."

"But Lao-Shen ordered it."

"Hush, hush! what's that?"

The last exclamation was caused by Craig and Fry making an involuntary movement at the mention of Lao-Shen's name; but they did not speak or move again.

There was a slight pause, after which the coffin-lids gently closed themselves again, and there was complete silence.

Stealthily, on hands and knees, Craig and Fry made their way back through the hatchway on to the deck, and in a moment were locked in their own cabin, where they could converse without risk of being overheard.

"Dead men who talk—" began Craig.

"Are not dead yet," concluded Fry.

The mere mentioning of Lao-Shen's name under these somewhat ghastly circumstances had been enough to reveal the whole truth. It was evident that the Tai-ping had employed some agents who had found their way on board, and it did not admit of much doubt that they had only succeeded by the connivance of the captain. The coffins had been disembarked from the American ships, and had had to remain for a day or two to await the arrival of the Sam-Yep, and during that time a number of

them had been broken open, the corpses removed, and their places supplied by the confederates of Lao-Shen. How it had transpired that Kin-Fo was among the passengers of the Sam-Yep was a mystery they could not explain; but they recollect that they had noticed no suspicious characters on board from the time of embarkation, and acknowledged that it would be a thing discreditable to themselves if, after all, the office they represented should lose the 200,000 dollars at stake.

They were not the men to lose their presence of mind; they were facing a grave and unexpected emergency; there was not much time in which to form their plans; the deed was to be done before the second watch; there was not much scope for deliberation; there was only one conclusion to be arrived at—before the second watch Kin-Fo must be away from the junk.

How the escape was to be made was a question more easy to ask than to answer. The only boat belonging to the ship was a cumbersome craft that it would take the whole crew to lower to the water, and if the captain were an accomplice in the plot, the crew could not be enlisted to lend a helping hand. The project of using the boat had to be abandoned.

Seven o'clock, and the captain was still in his cabin. Was it not likely he was only waiting in solitude until the appointed time had passed, and the deed was done? The junk was floating adrift; there was no watch, why should there be? A sailor, all alone, was slumbering in the bows. If only the appliances were at hand, the opportunity for escape was complete. Had they been anxious to get away from a fire-ship, they scarcely could have been more excited. A thought struck them; there was not a moment to spare to discuss it; it must be put into execution now, at once.

Opening the door of Kin-Fo's cabin, they touched him gently; he was fast asleep; they touched him again.

"What do you want with me?" he said.

They told him as concisely as they could all the facts; he did not seem at all alarmed; he pondered a moment, and asked,

"Why not throw the rascals overboard?"

"That is quite out of the question," they replied.

"Then are we to do nothing?" said Kin-Fo.

"Do as we tell you," answered Craig; "we have made our plans."

"Let me hear," said Kin-Fo, in some surprise.

"Take this dress; ask no questions; put it on, and be ready!"

The men opened a parcel they had brought with them. It contained four sets of the swimming apparatus just invented by Captain Boyton. They gave a set to Kin-Fo, saying,

"We have more for ourselves, and one for Soon."

"Go and fetch Soon," he bade them.

And Soon was brought in, looking as if he were suffering from an attack of paralysis.

"You are to put this on," said his master.

But Soon was incapable of helping himself, and while he kept on moaning, "Ai ai ya!" the others contrived to drag him into the water-proof attire.

Eight o'clock, and they were all equipped; they looked like four great seals just going to plunge into the frozen waters, although it must be owned that Soon was almost too flabby in his condition to be compared to so lithe a creature.

The junk continued to float in absolute stillness upon the unruffled sea; Craig and Fry opened one of the portholes of the cabin, and quietly dropped Soon down without more ado. Kin-Fo cautiously followed; Craig and Fry only stayed to make sure that they had provided themselves with all the necessary appurtenances, and plunged in after them.

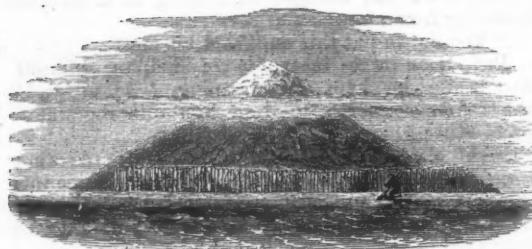
So quiet were all their movements that no one on



AN ESCAPE.

board was aware that four of the passengers had quitted the Sam-Yep.

TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.



IN the "Times" of March 22, the following letter appeared, addressed to the editor of the "Leisure Hour," the publication being made in the "Times" on account of the delay that must otherwise take place from our pages being in type many weeks in advance. Our readers have been on various occasions* made acquainted with the state and prospects of the islanders of Tristan—a colony of British subjects as interesting in its way as that of Pitcairn's Island. Tristan d'Acunha is of volcanic origin, and lies to the south of St. Helena, twelve hundred miles distant from the Cape. From time to time messages come from this remote island, and the present communication is in grateful acknowledgment of gifts sent by friends in England, who had read the accounts in the "Leisure Hour":—

"Her Majesty's ship Comus,

"The Cape, Feb. 16, 1880.

"Dear Sir,—I enclose a letter from Peter Green, the chief of the interesting little colony which I had the pleasure of visiting on the 6th inst. They are in a flourishing state, 109 in number, the largest that the community has ever risen to. They have plenty of cattle, sheep, and poultry, and seem to be living a quiet, orderly, and contented life. The only thing they want is a resident clergyman. The people would support a man and his wife, as far as lodging and food go, if one of the many societies in England would guarantee a salary. I am sure the Admiralty would give a passage from St. Helena, from which it is a fine-weather voyage of ten days only. The climate is perfect. The clergyman would have to act as schoolmaster as well as chaplain. Our chaplain baptized five infants born since the last visit of a man-of-war. The island is much more visited than formerly; and now that they are beginning to export cattle to St. Helena, communication with England will not be so difficult.

"Yours faithfully,

"JAMES EAST, Captain R.N."

LETTER FROM PETER GREEN.

To DR. MACAULAY and MR. WILLIAM STEVENS.

Tristan d'Acunha.

KIND SIRS,—I received the two boxes which you were so kind to send us by H.M.S. *Emerald*, Captain Maxwell, R.N., October 16th, 1878, and I thank you for the great trouble you have taken to get the boxes to the island. When I open the boxes I call all the company together, take the contents, then I let them divide; I merely look at them; if all goes well I have nothing to say; it is quite a holiday; all the men, women, and children are present.

I thank Mr. Francis Peck, of the London School Board, for

* See "Leisure Hour," 1878, p. 709; 1875, p. 282; 1877, p. 491.

the box of tea. I thank Mr. Cadbury for his excellent cocoa. Mr. Epps will have to look out for his laurels. I thank Mr. Simeon, of Great Milton, for his calico. I thank Messrs. Spicer Brothers and Spicer Sons for paper, etc. I thank Mr. Morgan for books. I thank the Religious Tract Society for many books and pictures, etc. I thank Mr. Charles Tidmarsh for his cutlery, choppers, etc. I thank Mr. David James Legg for the many things marked with his name, likewise for the kind and godly wishes. I hope God will bless you with the same blessing you are willing to bestow on your neighbours.

As I have time now, I shall thank those gentlemen for the things you sent to us from England on the 10th of September, 1874, by H.M.S. *Sappho*, Commander Digby, R.N. I thank Mr. Tall, of Hull, for his generous gift (£10, to purchase useful articles for the women and children); likewise the Religious Tract Society for books, pictures, etc.; likewise Mr. Smithies for bright picture-books; likewise Mr. Williams (of Hitchcocks) for calico.

I have sent an account to you by Captain Maxwell, R.N., of various wrecks and other events on the islands; now I send the account of the American ship *Thilena Winslow*, of Portland, State of Maine, 2,117 tons register; cargo, 2,861 tons of coal, from Cardiff, bound to Singapore, Warren Cheney, master of the ship; struck on Gough's Island on the 19th day of December at four o'clock in the morning. It was very foggy; in about half an hour the ship sunk down, leaving the fore and main yard a little above water. They had no time to save anything; still, they made out to save two boats and about a month's provisions. But ships very seldom come to Gough's Island; so Captain Cheney left Gough's Island on the 24th of December, himself, second mate, and eight sailors, ten in all, and arrived at Tristan on the 29th of December. They left seventeen behind on Gough's Island. The captain had just time to wash, and something to eat, and about two hours sleep, when a brig hove in sight. We manned our whale-boat; the captain went with us in the boat. We did not get on board till after dark, for she was a long way off, about ten miles. The captain made his situation known, or understood, for he proved to be a Norwegian. He would not take the captain or any of the crew away from the island, as he was bound to Capetown. It was but a short passage, but he promised to go to Gough's Island and land some provisions, and maybe take some of them to Capetown; so we must hope for the best. The Norway captain will have to report at Capetown the situation of the captain and his crew.

The American consul will surely send some craft to take them from the island. The captain, second mate, and eight sailors share pot-luck with us, as many a ship's company has done before. Sometimes it amounted to fifty, but we have always been fortunate, when a ship's company came to Tristan, to have a little stock, such as flour, coffee, tea. Sometimes we are rather hard up for small stores.

Another thing is this, that we never had to keep them very long; there is one exception; that was a boat's crew sent ashore on the south side of Tristan from the brig *Betsy Montrose*, to get some water, Mr. Peart, first mate, in charge of the boat, likewise the second mate, James Young, apprentice, and two seamen. As they got near the shore, some heavy breakers came and capsized the boat. The captain went to Capetown and reported that the boat's crew was drowned. The crew stopped on the south side thirteen days, nothing to eat but sea-birds. Two of our young men went on a cruise after goats, chased a flock to the very peak, when it got so foggy that they could not see five yards ahead; all they could do was to steer down hill. When they got down they found themselves on the south side of the island, close to where the boat's crew was.

The boat's crew came to the settlement with our two young men, stopped on the island about three months, when a ship hove in sight. The ship was about sixteen miles off. We had a council of war about getting the boat's crew off. All came to the conclusion that it was no use, as it was very squally. I did not join the council, for my mind was made up to try. I made it known to the crew; they were willing to go, so we started about eight o'clock in the morning with oars and sails. We did not see the ship for three hours from the boat, when we saw the ship. The crew was all alive. "Pull away, boys." We got alongside the ship at two p.m. The ship proved to be the *Contest*, of Liverpool. The captain was quite willing to take the boat's crew. The wind shifted in about ten minutes after we got on board. That gave the ship a fair wind, and it gave me a fair wind to go back to Tristan; so we saved our bacon just by ten minutes.

January the 3rd, two ships hove in sight; one from the west was an English ship, the *Respicadera*, of Liverpool; the other ship was the American whale-ship, *Atlantic*, of New Bedford;

the came from the east. We manned two boats; one boat went to the English ship, the other to the American ship. Captain A. Purcell, took eight sailors; the American, Captain Wing, took Captain Warren Cheney and second mate; left Tristan on the 4th of January for Gough's Island to take the seventeen men left there. Captain Wing will land nineteen men at Capetown. Had no ships come to Tristan for twenty days, for that was all the provisions left at Gough's Island, Captain Cheney intended to get provisions at Tristan, and go back to Gough's Island. I am glad there was no occasion for such a dangerous passage, but he would have been quite welcome to the provisions.

At last I have an opportunity to send this account by H.M.S. *Comus*, Captain East, R.N.

PETER GREEN.

From Captain East's Report to the Admiralty, with a copy of which we have been favoured, we give some extracts.

The islanders, headed by Peter Green, their headman, received us very cordially as we landed, having ordered fresh meat and vegetables to be sent off. We then visited the settlement, going into most of the houses, and having assembled the people in Peter Green's house, I gave them the presents sent by the President of the United States in acknowledgment of the services rendered by them to the crew of the "Mabel Clark" in 1878, for which they desire me to express their sincere thanks.

William Green, son of Peter Green, seems by the concurrent testimony of all, to have very greatly distinguished himself on this occasion, and to have risked his life in saving the people from the wreck. I would therefore beg to suggest that, if eligible, he might be thought a fitting recipient of either the Albert Medal or one of the Royal Humane Society's medals for saving life. The men of this island have, during the last twenty years, saved the crews and rendered assistance to several vessels wrecked and abandoned at Tristan d'Acunha and the neighbouring islands.

It was my intention to have visited Inaccessible and Nightingale Islands to ascertain if any shipwrecked people were there, but as the Tristan d'Acunha people had been there only a short time previous to our arrival I considered it unnecessary.

After giving the presents, we walked to see their cultivated ground about two miles from the settlement to the west. About twenty acres is under cultivation, principally potatoes; the gardens are surrounded by loose stone walls to prevent the incursion of cattle, which roam at large over the grazing ground that extends from the settlement right along the west side of the island.

They get about ten to twelve bushels from one bushel of seed, have never changed the seed, and are afraid of doing so lest disease should be imported. The potatoes are excellent.

On our return to the settlement the chaplain baptized five infants, who have been born since the visit of H.M.S. *Emerald* in October, 1878.

I would suggest that this island should be furnished with proper books for registering the births, marriages, and deaths.

The island at present seems to be in the most flourishing state, both with regard to the health, prosperity, and number of the inhabitants, which now amounts to 109, the largest ever maintained there.

The medical officer, Mr. Clibborn, was asked to see and prescribe for three women (all single), one suffering from asthma and the others from heart disease.

There have only been four deaths in thirteen years; the oldest inhabitant is Peter Green, a hale, hearty man, 72 years, and the youngest, his great-grandchild of one month. No child has ever died in infancy.

There are 500 head of cattle including cows, about 500 sheep, all bred on the island; plenty of pigs, ducks, geese, and fowls; the cows yield from two to three gallons of milk; excellent butter is made.

They have begun to export cattle to St. Helena, a vessel having just left with 27 bullocks weighing from 700 to 800 pounds. The meat is very fair; they only charge 4d. a pound for it; sheep, weighing 50 to 60 pounds, £1 each; geese, 5s. each.

I should think the island might easily maintain 200 people. There is no coal, but at present plenty of brushwood, for which, however they have to send some little distance up the mountain. The rabbits have entirely disappeared, probably owing to the large number of wild cats, but the complete extinction of the wild goats, of which at one time there were large numbers, seems quite a mystery.

There are a few vines on the island, and if any trouble was taken in cultivating it, a large quantity of grapes might be grown. The islanders have given up growing corn on account of mice and vermin destroying the crops.

Varieties.

PERFORATED STAMPS.—At a recent police trial, at the Mansion House, an important statement, and one not generally known, was made by a post-office official—namely, that firms and others purchasing stamps in large quantities might have their initials perforated by the post-office, without charge, on each stamp, and that stamps so perforated could not afterwards be sold. In this way robberies were prevented.

LORD PALMERSTON.—The services of this great statesman rendered to England and Europe during the eleven years (1830-1841) in which he achieved his greatest successes, and firmly founded "that reputation which he subsequently enjoyed amongst foreign nations," are thus summarised by Mr. Ashley in his "Life of Lord Palmerston":—"In those eleven years which intervened between 1830 and 1841 he had kept up England as 'the Great State,' morally and materially, of Europe. He had always expressed her ideas; he had always maintained her interests. His language was clear and bold; and when he menaced action, or thought action necessary, he had ever been ready by his deeds to make good his language; yet in no instance had his free speech and ready courage led to those wars which timid politicians fear and bring about frequently by their apprehensions. He had, in fact, been eminently a peace Minister, and chiefly so because he had not been saying that he would have peace at any price. Nor is this all. There had been occasions where he did, to a certain degree, use threats, not shrinking from blows. There had been others where he merely gave counsel or stated opinions. Was that counsel wise? Were those opinions without effect? He condemned the arbitrary laws intended to oppress the German people. Where are those laws? He forewarned the King of the French when he 'was getting,' as he said, 'into a false position.' What became of the throne of the King of the French? He condemned the Austrian rule in Italy. What has become of that rule? He condemned the temporal policy of the Pope. What has that temporal policy ended in? Who shall say that our opinion has no moral force when History stands there to teach the world that our opinion has ever been prophetic of its events?"

BADGERING WITNESSES.—The Americans have their jokes and anecdotes of the Bar, of which here is a specimen:—The court and jury, as well as the spectators, generally enjoy the scene when a lawyer, in an attempt to badger or browbeat a witness, comes off second best in the encounter. A correspondent recalls an amusing incident of this sort, which happened a few years ago in an Albany court-room. The plaintiff, who was a lady, was called on to testify. She got on very well, and made a favourable impression on the jury under the guidance of her counsel, the Hon. Lyman Tremain, until the opposing counsel, Hon. Henry Smith, subjected her to a sharp cross-examination. This so confused her that she became faint, and fell to the floor in a swoon. Of course, this excited general sympathy in the audience, and Mr. Smith saw that his case looked badly. An expedient suggested itself by which to make the swooning appear like a piece of stage trickery, and thus destroy sympathy for her. The lady's face in swooning had first turned red, and this fact suggested the new line of attack. The next witness was a middle-aged lady. The counsel asked, "Did you see the plaintiff faint a short time ago?" "Yes, sir." "People turn pale when they faint, don't they?" A great sensation in the court, and an evident confusion of witness. But in a moment she answered, "No; not always." "Did you ever hear of a case of fainting where the party did not turn pale?" "Yes, sir." "Did you ever see such a case?" "Yes, sir." "When?" "About a year ago." "Where was it?" "In this city." "Who was it?" By this time the excitement was so intense that everybody listened anxiously for the reply. It came promptly, with a twinkle in the witness's eye and a quiver on her lip, as if from suppressed humour, "Twas a negro, sir!" Peal after peal of laughter shook the court-room, in which the venerable judge joined. Mr. Smith lost his case—not to say his temper.

"SCOTSMAN" NEWSPAPER.—A recent number of the "Scotsman" gave the following remarkable facts as to the size of that paper. "It may interest many newspaper readers, especially those who have watched with care the rapid development of the daily press that has taken place in our own times, in all the departments of activity open to it, if we draw attention to a few facts connected with last Saturday's daily issue of the 'Scotsman.' The mass of matter is not only without parallel in point of quantity, but

is specially remarkable as having reference almost exclusively to events occurring on the previous day, the preparation of any portion of which, with a view to publication, being thus impossible until within a few hours of Saturday morning. Of the 112 columns of matter which Saturday's issue comprised, fully sixty-nine columns—more than has ever been used in this way before—were occupied by the 2,999 advertisements published on that day. The 112 columns of type extended to about 33,000 lines, or something like 300,000 words. The number of separate types used for these must have been fully two millions, or more than double what are comprised in an ordinary three-volume novel, which is sold, not for one penny, as a daily paper is, but at 31s. 6d. The number of copies printed of Saturday's daily issue was 61,200, or 122,400 separate sheets. These were printed from webs of paper whose united length extended to 104 miles, and the weight of the paper used exceeded eight tons. The printing of the first sheet, consisting chiefly of advertisements, was commenced about midnight, and was completed at 2.20 a.m. The printing of the second sheet, which contained telegraphic and other news received in the office up till 3 a.m., was commenced shortly before 3.30, and before 5.30 a.m. every copy of the entire impression was printed and folded, while long before that time tens of thousands were on their way, by special train and otherwise, to distant readers."

MAN CAUGHT BY A SHELL.—“Captain Doughty, of H.M.S. Crocodile, told Colonel Leathes some most interesting stories about the magnificent shells that abound in coral reefs, etc., in the great Indian Ocean. Some of these shells are over four feet in diameter. On one occasion a sailor belonging to H.M.S. Magpie jumped overboard upon a reef of coral, having about three feet of water on it. He put his foot in a large open conch shell, like a monster oyster, which closed upon the poor fellow's foot, and although several men who went to his assistance tried their best, they could not get the monster shell open again, or remove it from the reef. As the tide began to rise, there was no time to be lost, so at last they agreed to get some large crowbars from the ship, and by degrees the shell was broken into pieces and the poor man's foot released, which, however, was so terribly injured that it had to be amputated by the surgeon of the ship when he was taken on board.”—“This shell,” says the editor of “Land and Water,” where this note occurs, “was probably the giant clam, or *Tridacna gigas*. It is not infrequently used as fountains, or to contain holy water in Roman Catholic cathedrals on the Continent.”

OATMEAL PORRIDGE.—Oatmeal porridge to be palatable must be made with rough, largely-ground Scotch oatmeal, and cooked according to some such recipe as the following:—“Boil one and a half pints of water; then take two handfuls of coarse Scotch oatmeal and drop it steadily with two teaspoonfuls of salt; constantly stir and boil for thirty minutes. I doubt, however, whether a taste for oatmeal porridge is readily acquired after ten years of age. There is something peculiar in the flavour of oatmeal which every southern palate does not readily take to, when once it has been formed to the special love of wheaten foods. There never was born a child, I should think, who did not love oatmeal porridge if it was given to him early, and for all the purposes of nutrition it is a most admirable food. Good coarse-grained Scotch oatmeal is not, however, under present conditions, in London at least, the cheapest of breakfast foods. The grinding of oatmeal for porridge is a sort of art which seems to be confined to comparatively few; the supply of the article is limited, possibly because the demand is comparatively rare, and the price is high. All this ought to be altered. There is no reason why oatmeal should cost nearly twice as much in London as it does in Edinburgh, or why porridge, which is the very perfection of a breakfast luxury, should be so rarely seen on London tables.—*The Doctor in the Kitchen.*

A WONDERFUL PICTURE.—A notable canvas was painted in the last century by Sir Robert Kerr Porter, when only eleven years of age. It was 200 and odd feet long, and relatively high, representing panoramically the storming and capture of Seringapatam. Nor were the huge proportions of the work more remarkable than the rapidity with which it was executed, for Sir Robert was only engaged at it for six weeks, and he was one of those who followed the advice which Dr. Johnson with his last breath gave to Sir Joshua—never to work on Sundays. Added to this, the picture had high artistic merit, according to the voice of contemporary criticism, so far as we can find any record of it now. Dr. Dibdin, who went to see it, declares that the learned were amazed and the unlearned were enraptured, and describes it “as a thing dropt from the clouds—all fire, energy, intelligence, and animation. The figures moved, and were com-

mingled in a hot and bloody fight; you saw the flash of the cannon, the glitter of the bayonet, the gleam of the falchion; and you longed to be leaping from crag to crag with Sir David Baird, who is hallooing the men on to victory.” The work was finished during the time the committees of the Royal Academy were at Somerset House, selecting and hanging pictures for the year's exhibition; and Miss Porter, the artist's sister, tells us that her brother invited his revered old friend, Benjamin West, then P.R.A., to come and look at the result of his labours. Mr. West came to the Lyceum one morning on his way to Somerset House, where the committee was kept waiting for him an hour. “What has delayed you so long?” said Sir Thomas Lawrence to him on his entry. “A wonder,” he returned; “a wonder of the world. A picture painted by that boy, Kerr Porter, in six weeks, and as admirably done as it could have been by the best historical man amongst us in as many months.” Returning to the class of works which illustrate patience rather than conception, and evidence the ingenuity of the mechanic rather than the genius of the artist, it is curious to remember that, at no very remote date, the Royal Academy hung “a landscape in human hair;” and “various designs cut in vellum with scissors containing the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver sixpence.”—*The Magazine of Art.*

THOMAS BELL, F.L.S.—Admirers of “White's Selborne,” and naturalists generally, may like to preserve this note from the “Times” obituary columns of March:—“A former secretary of the Royal Society and president of the Linnean Society, Mr. Thomas Bell, of the Wakes, Selborne, Hampshire, died on Saturday, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. Mr. Bell had a large practice as a dentist, and attained a very high place in the scientific world. He was for a long period Professor of Zoology in King's College, and his histories of ‘British Quadrupeds’ and of ‘British Reptiles,’ though published more than forty years ago, are still much esteemed. When he was over eighty-four years old he brought out his edition of Gilbert White's ‘Natural History of Selborne.’ Mr. Bell had been corresponding member of several foreign scientific societies. About eighteen years ago he gave up practice and retired to the Wakes, at Selborne, Gilbert White's house, which he purchased from the great-nieces of the naturalist. Here he collected every memorial he could find of White, and the house and grounds were ever open to the admirers of ‘The Selborne.’”

THE POWER OF “GOOD SPIRITS.”—With the aid or under the influence of “pluck,” using that term in a modern sense and in relation to the daily heroism of life in the midst of difficulties, it is possible not only to surmount what appear to be insuperable obstructions, but to defy and repel the enemies of climate, adverse circumstances, and even disease. Many a life has been saved by the moral courage of a sufferer. It is not alone in bearing the pain of operations or the misery of confinement in a sick-room this self-help becomes of vital moment, but in the monotonous tracking of a weary path and the vigorous discharge of ordinary duty. How many a victim of incurable disease has lived on through years of suffering, patiently and resolutely hoping against hope, or, what is better, living down despair, until the virulence of a threatening malady has died out, and it has ceased to be destructive, although its physical characteristics remained? This power of “good spirits” is a matter of high moment to the sick and weakly. To the former it may mean the ability to survive, to the latter the possibility of outliving, or living in spite of, a disease. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance to cultivate the highest and most buoyant frame of mind which the conditions will admit. The same energy which takes the form of mental activity is vital to the work of the organism. Mental influences affect the system, and a joyous spirit not only relieves pain, but increases the momentum of life in the body. The victims of disease do not commonly sufficiently appreciate the value and use of “good spirits.” They too often settle down in despair when a professional judgment determines the existence of some latent or chronic malady. The fact that it is probable they will die of a particular disease casts so deep a gloom over their prospect that through fear of death they are all their lifetime subject to bondage. The multitude of healthy persons who wear out their strength by exhausting journeys and perpetual anxieties for health is very great, and the policy in which they indulge is exceedingly shortsighted. Most of the sorrowful and worried cripples who drag out miserable lives in this way would be less wretched and live longer if they were more hopeful. It is useless to expect that any one can be reasoned into a lighter frame of mind, but it is desirable that all should be taught to understand the sustaining, and often even curative, power of “good spirits.”—*Lancet.*